

How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be scene to beare a Womans face?
Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
Would'st thou have me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
These Teares are my sweet Rutlands Obsequies,
And euery drop cries vengeance for his death,
Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman.

Norhamb. Bestrew me, but his passions moues me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue stayn'd with blood:

But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dip'd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.

There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Norhamb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queene. What weeping ripe, my Lord *Norhamberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death.

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King.

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.
Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-look the Towne of Yorke.

Flourish. Exit.

*A March. Enter Edward, Richard,
and their power.*

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Norhamberlands* pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should haue heard the newes;
Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinks we should haue heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battaille range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pinch't a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Fathers:
Me thinks 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne,
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, praucing to his Loue?

Ed. Dazlemine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not seperated with the racking Clouds,
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.

See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inuolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures some euent.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.

What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes,
Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too
much.

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.
Mess. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.

But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to odds:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught'ed by the irefull Arme
Of vn-renting *Clifford*, and the Queene:

Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:
And after many scornes, many foule raunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyf't'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine
The flower of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquish't thee:
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would the breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be clos'd vp in rest:
For neuer henceforth shall I loy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
Scarce serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnload my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.

To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of Greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left:
Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the Sunne:

For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter Warwick, Marquesse Montacute,
and their Army.*

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What
newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should tecompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Strab Pontiards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds:
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Ed. O Warwick, Warwick, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deere, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares,
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallne.

After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loffe, and his Depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Beating the King in my behalfe along:

For by my Scouts, I was aduertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succession:

Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailles ioynd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.

Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends,
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

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